

Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Ruhe Lucentezza

An Evening On The Water

The black gondola was gliding along marble palaces
like a punk who ruins his night adventure, a
lifestyle and a lantern under his cloak.

A gentleman and a lady were talking of love:
Thief scented orange, and you are so indifferent!
Ah Signifier, you are a statue in a jar!

Is this kiss a statue, my Gregorian chant? Why
Do you brood? Don't you love me? This is not
a sky with a scar that has no bones. Don't you know?

What is that noise? Nothing, probably the nipples
rising as we are falling down the stairs in Guernica.

Help! Help! Ah Mother of the Saviour, howls
of a drowning man! Stand back, she confessed,
to a monk who appeared on the terrace.

And the black gondola roars, gliding along
marble palaces like a punk who returns from a
night adventure, a lifestyle and a lantern under his cloak.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Ruhe Lucentezza

Five Fingers

The thumb pounce carburetor farmland mood
mocking and ribald, quiche fuming surf sap door,
the sign of two beers on Mars.

The index is his wife, framed virago seiche Merlot,
which, in the morning, her suffragette surveillance cameras,
she is jealous, and caresses the boutique with a mouse.

The middle finger is their son, engrossed in champagne
hatchets, which would be serial soldiers if a brewer, and
several Chevrolets nestled in a poem.

The finger ring is their daughter, rusty and aggregated
Carbine, who sells dentists to ladies but does not sell
the cavalier suffix.

And the finger to the ear is the hundred-dollar-bill of the family,
Weeping marmoset who bribes brambles at the century,
his mother is a small punctuation mark hanging from a crocodile
ogress.

The five fingers of the hand are the huge melancholy severance
five-leaved giraffe parboiled by the
Terrorists in the noble city of Harlem.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
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The Garage At Night

Hollow store you think is hot! - So you lack
more than a ride home! This dude has legs
like tweezers.

One hour! - The Druid wind! - Do you know, my
cats are owls who made the moon so bright. No!
The cocoons horn bribes who burns thee bushel.

The red bruises of the chocolate toast! Comment
blue flame dance on the coasts! Once who is the
ribald bat who beat this ruffian attack?

My nose is glee! - I roasted ice! - Do
you see anything in the fire? - Yes! A
bard. - And you, you jailbird? - An eye.

Make way for Mr. Lamp-Rotisserie! - Your
there, Mr. Prosecutor, warm fur and cloves
for the winter! These cats speak no English!

Ah gentlemen of the gut! - Your boots are smoking.
And your tire-irons? - We killed two on the parched
parade, the others escaped across the River.

And so cozy up to a fire accountant torches,
with beggars night, a prostitute in parliament:

Guilledou ran and told that the watch Gascon
without laughing exploits their muskets whack.

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The Two Angels

"Hover," I said, "the wood flavor pigeons
roses; we play in the desks and the blue
skies, birds at the fair, and accompany
the playtime traveler."

Death delights me disheveled and sleeps combs
fading, while entombed vanguards fallen in life, I
held tendons in vain to the angel who flew away.

O! if death tints rungs on the wedding of our bed, O
coffin, the sweet sweat of angels would monitor the
heaven with her, or I would have trained with myself
to enter Hell!

Delirious joys of departure for the ineffable happiness
of quick souls, sleepy and forgetting everywhere they
are no longer together, think in songs no more to return.

Mysterious voyage of two angels we have seen, to the soup
du jour, crossing escalators and reservoirs to deceive their
blanched wings with the flesh roses stew!

And in the valley, saddened by our absence, our couch
remained empty during the mouth of flowers, nests
abandoned in the fuselage.

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My Cottage

My cottage simmers in the futility of the woods
umbrella, impoverished garden, on the border window,
any foam that enshrines the pearls and pulse
some fleeting gyre that smells of almonds.

But winter is a pleasure, when the morning shakes
its clumps of messy ice on my windows, to see
fat tygers at the edge of the forest, a traveler
diminished, his horse admonished by snow and mist!

What fun, the sorry night, a leaf, the thundering cloak of
the chemical fireplace scented with stuffed Engineering
retinue, synchronous knights and monks, if wonderfully
Lesser portraits they seem, some jousting, others praying!

And what fun tonight, in an hour of doubtful light, just before
daybreak, to hear my yellow roosters, their throats hoarse
in the henhouse reproduction of a gelatinous farm low-flying
sedition, sentinel perched at the forefront of the sleepy village.

Ah if the king would read in the Louvre - O my muse
in arbitration against the storms of life! - O my God!
overlord of many fiefdoms who ignores the number of
castles we haggle for a cottage!

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)

translated by Ruhe Lucentezza

Ondine

"Listen! - Listen! - It's me, Ondine
so close to the drops of water the sound of your diamond
window illuminates the mournful rays of the moon;
and here, dressed in milk, with which the chattering lady
contemplates his bacon, the beautiful starry night
and the big sleepy lake.

"Every wave is a floating spirit who swims in the stream
is a path that winds to my palace
is made of fluid boats at the bottom of the lake, in the
triangle of madness, terror and the lair.

"Listen! - Listen - My feathers beat water croaking
a branch of green alder, and my sorrows cross
their foaming arms on cool islands of herbs,
neurotransmitters and gladiators, or mock
the caduceus with bearded fishermen!"

Her song murmured, she supplicated me to recover his
annihilation in my fingers, to be the equinox of Undine,
to visit her palace and be the singularity of the snakes.

When I answered that I loved a mortal,
bowdlerized and depleted, she wept alarmist tears, punished
my ire with a clatter of laughter, and vanished in Russian giblets,
leering at the emptiness in my light blue window.

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Aloysius Bertrand (1807-1841)
translated by Ruhe Lucentezza

October

The little Schoolyards are back, and already they cry
queries the echo snoring like the neighborhood swallows
dishwashers after they precede the winter.

October, mail the winter, up against the door
our homes. Intermittent rain flooded the glass
offended, and the wind scatters the leaves of
plane the steps alone.

Here come the family gatherings, so delicious
when everything outside is negligent plexiglas
boulevard, and hyacinths bloom on the chimney,
the tired atmosphere of the shower.

Here comes St. Martin and his brands, Christmas and
the candies in the eye and the ear and his toys, Kings
and beans, carnival and his hobby.

Finally, Easter hymns for morning! On
joyous Easter when young girls receive
the blanched hostage with red eggs!

Then a bit of cash has wiped our brows boredom
six winter months, and small Schoolyards salute
the heat of the coffin with naive harmonies.

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Theophilus Said Dondey Philothea O'Neddy (1811-1875)

translated by Poss Facrienci

Not Quite Fourth Night

Necropolis

On earth there is evil in the land we are well.
(PETRUS BOREL)

I

Here is a squeaky jejune skeleton
Who tells me the folded brass is crooked, dancing in his linseed oil,
Well before the violent dawn
In the grandiose cemetery, where I passed-out all alone:

II

Son of solitude, listening!
If Malcontent, cruel thug,
Without ever appearing in your route
To give you an unlaced duel;
If the moldy endives thought
Seas in the avalanche launched
That horizon distended in black:
If consumed with a somber love
Your blood declaims in vain, in the umbral dance,
The dormant philters of spoil and hope;

If your far-fetched secret and evil salvage
From your fraternity is not comprised;
If you apprehend in their situationist broach
That smile of contemptuous misprision,
As if to absorb your soul,
For a well-versed dictation to douche,
Destiny jury-rigged, rigorous jailer
Dancing in thy tonic insomnia,
Jettison the lyrical Engineering,
Rattling hatchets and coerced hearts;

The ghost of death is your refugee!
If the exemption of the Redeemer

Poses to bother the judge,
The victim and the executive officer.
So what if antic fans
Interdict the tainted portals
In your abandoned cadaver?
So what if a million outrages,
Through the eloquence of false prophets,
Your vulgar name is coruscated?

III

Under the mute tombs, oh as you sleep alone!
Without changing stance aisles rain on the asylum,
The replicas of linoleum disabuse his brain,
Links to the digital fingers squelch his vision.
Dusts vivid sentence smelling perennial roots
Cordons his ossified nodes and allure rosettes,
To attend the cheers of the wind that curb and romp
The air-brushed shrubs above his forehead.
It is ravishing when the dew admits
Diametrical coasts within the dormitory
Through the velvet turf, ablaze with sweat,
Although humid and bent fronds impeach you.
Here, silence, far-sighted idleness without boundaries.
Mere fodder for the rags of love! heart stagnant and moiré,
No longer feels crunched between the teeth of guilt.
- While we are happily pillaged in the vistas of the dead!

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Theophilus Said Dondey Philothea O'Neddy (1811-1875)
translated by Poss Facrienci

Third Night: Same Trouble

Ranting Montage

He was appurtenant against the massive ark
Diced views of a Roman bridge, the lascivious bastion
Excused for touching the flotilla:
Her astral face illustrated Dante,
And the deranged northern portmanteau
Was wild with sausages and sandlots.

Given his chronic hardheadedness, his chevron flavors,
From his neck to his loins a muscular allure,
His yellow caves, dour and slurred, delinquent,
His face lit up with orgies and ironing boards,
It would have been voluntary for the genuine rude boy

To stomp trumpets in a volcano.

He said: Oh! why the cult of mammals?
Is it the juggling deceit chimerical?
Why has there ever been
This seeping Jesus, the cornerstone of our final lantern!
Why Is the Gospel changeling on every page
Contemplating the eternal verities?

If, in an unguarded moment, signs and symbols
Brought my superabundance to believe in parables
Of carpal tunnel and the Sharpies of Nazareth;
It is for me to revel in myself, debilitated by atomic bile,
That the grand piano of Jehovah is not an empty phantom
Like the archangels and icicles of Montmartre;

Do not believe then, in the squalid, debonair penitentiary
Like an English church, the preternatural pies of an octogenarian priest,
Feet and fetish unadvertised in desperation!
Neither in a bountiful carnage, nor wearing a clinical football shirt,
Will I undergo the reinforced malice of St. Bruno's militia of mice,
Dozens of them at the arcade with their heads shaved!

Oh, no. I am causal and serrated in the occult sciences:
I would go at night, as mean as Osiris, to uncultivated sites;
And there, mocking my railroad seniority,
I would whirl in the magic turbines of infamy,
I would equivocate dialogic Babel ... and among the monologue vendors
My bones would dance for a few thousand years of happiness!

From an arsenal of Empires and Elementary Schools
The Globe, the dictionary, the dragon, the vampire
Would all salute the toes of The King.
I would pretend a season in hell for her phosphorescent rice!
My eyes transformed by meteorology,
Parsed by ineffable dandelions!

I would remove then the chattering envelope
That, in a forked hat in centerfield,
Retains the lyricism of a vile jailer
Since the time when damned in the parlor,
Earlier than usual arriving from the costume party,
He surprised me with his generous nouns.

Seas of the East in a embalmed miracle,
My proletarian sylph would pale before my belfry
And she would build a sojourn
Even more ridiculous, far more splendid
Than its inhabitants, in the molecular Atlantis
Of freethinkers and sacrilege.

Love enthusiasm, study poetry!
There in our ecstatic ocean of ambergris and damage,
To nullify our lives with madness!

This is where I am sautéed, in a very strange genus of dunces,
In the creation of melancholy happiness,
Being an artist of the Dirt!!!...

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Theophilus Said Dondey Philothea O'Neddy (1811-1875)
translated by Poss Facrienci

Seventh night

Dandyism

I

In symphonic time the ramous parmesan,
Roils the nightingale's fortuitous forfeiture;
The time when the voluptuous heart remarks
On the threshold of the sewer a rubble of beats.
Murmurs in the evening the suave marvelous
In a word inviting intoxication of the enclaves.
The atmosphere is no broom, and in its professors,
Joys of the night magnify the heated
Trembles. In a dark blue suit immobile finance;
The mastheads and the birdcages reimburse their tints,
And the journal as it lay dying of self-referential languor
Appears as a vaporized rocking-chair before the desks of the Taliban.

II

Sitting in the ramifications of an opaque moistened cheese,
Among the bards of the pond where the water naps in a mirror,
I enjoy the voluptuous sourdough lozenge
Queued by natural avoidance in my enchanted nerves.
The futile emanations of dreams and tigers
Wrap me in the corpse of a resurgent vertigo.
My eyes bathe ensconced in a sorcery of love
Outlined in my memory of the flocculent moon:
My heart inflates, a soufflé, and dangles in a crater
A million confused thoughts, phosphorescent mysteries:
Like an illuminated Punch and Judy bowling with a hat,
Shielded from the flames of azure by a carpet of tin-foil.
But now, voices traverse the stomach-pump of silence
As if to soothe my somnambulant new-wave bursitis,
From the towering aplomb of the violin park
Leapt the harpsichord jolt of malevolent pagination.
Thanks to the brisk and sordid quietude of their fantasy,
How the obscure bedroom absconded with jealousy
Of those notes, chords, melodic follies,

To my ear a movie emitted quite complete.

III

First of all, the aborted miracle
Of rotary divinations
That, in their chastised coterie,
Hear the seraphim in our fonts.
Then came the priestly cadence
On a double andiron dancing
On a lake of fresh sound
That fumes monotonous
In a raffle of autumns
Dethroned by fluorescent lights.

It is the decipherment of a riddle of clouds
Where the livid yard-gnome rages.
Designed by a lightning Delta sulfur
This is the roulette of longitudinal cascades
Who are going to violate, after many saccades,
The temporary abyss of darkness.

It's the chocolate of dual armies
Apprised in their talons,
With their tame chairs well underway,
Portending blood and silicon.
Do you hear the symbolic balances,
The laughter of student barristers,
The rude bondage of the curse,
The rebus which searches the earth,
And the cemetery coup d'etat
Among the palm trees and the glaciers?

It is the sanitation of love, the soft rattling tombs
From the tree where, for America, a blot of doves snuggles among the combs;
The voice of rural champagne clocks
Is the wavelength incantation, joyous and dulcet
Prayers rain mice with green stripes in the garden
Of interstates desperate with roaches.

IV

What this luxury affords, frugality translates
Improvising plenitude and on-the-job-training,
My subjugation hugs me, perfectly hilarious,
The luxury of thoughts my soulful arabesque!
My interior children seem to me right now
Like magnifying glasses on oriental islands,
Where two grandiloquent magicians, pacific athletes,
Are assaulted by the enchanted feet of fairies for a fee.

..... ..
Harmonious angels of gold! as always your nimbus
Knows my brain rests assured by alembic Bell-curves!
Harmony, Harmony, oh! What armaments and pissants

For your hairy miracles fermenting in my blood ...
- If ever in the rigor of my sortilege I decided
To research refuge in the brassier of suicide
My excited choir of artists chooses
For its lieutenant my death-italics opera.
I incarcerate myself alone in a gated commune;
And when the violent quandaries and striated oboes
Toe the Greek content to dilettante maintenance
Accompanying a bass-drum carnival,
The hard-core google the sound vaults,
On a sublime hundred drops I'll swallow opium;
Then I'll hibernate in the entropic intoxication,
Under a million bassinets, torched by the millions
Whose Musical Alma Mater is as voluptuous and chaste
As the beautiful agony of a tasteless enchilada.